

The Student's Pen



**November
1927**

OURS IS "Everybody's Christmas Store"

OUR store is now ready for invasion by seekers after gifts usual and unusual, little-priced and extravagant.

For weeks our buyers have been busy gathering merchandise of the sort that makes satisfying gifts. For weeks we have been trimming our store to make it Christmas-beautiful and its atmosphere inviting to the holiday shopper.

We have christened our store "Everybody's Christmas Store" because we feel sure that everyone--no matter who they are--will find here gifts they can call "perfection itself."

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GIFTS

THE STUDENT'S PEN

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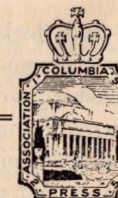


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Alone?

They told me the room was empty,
That I would be here alone,
But they were misled—mistaken—
They couldn't have known
Of these thousands of spirited things
Flitting on grey, thin, shadow-like wings.

They were made, these many shadows,
When the walls of the room were made,
When they hung the long dark curtains,
When the soft thick rugs were laid.
But can I dream when ceaseless wings
Fill my mind with fairy things?

The colored lights that fleck their eyes
They snatched from the eastern sun,
That the colorful eastern world
Into the rugs has woven and spun.
The breeze that follows their fanning wings
Is filled with the song that the fire sings.

The rich brown of their skin they take
From the walnut of the chairs,
And the flickering light of the candles
Makes sparks of gold in their hair
But—am I alone when spirit-things
Brush me with soft, swift, soundless wings?

Betty Hulsman '28



Attention, Students!

WE have received, this month, so many articles having to deal with problems in our high school, that we feel it necessary to print the best ones here together.

These articles deal with problems which are before us all from one day's end to the other. Those most interested in the solutions of the problems are you yourselves. The *Student's Pen* is offering a prize of \$5.00 to the student handing in the best answer and solution to any one or all of the problems. Set your brains (or brain) to working and find some way of winning this \$5.00 prize.

Answers must be written in ink, on one side of paper only (typewrite if possible). They may be put in the *Student's Pen* box in the library or handed to one of the following by December 4th.

Miss M. E. Pfeiffer—Room 12, Central

Robert Wagner—Room 14, Central

Beatrice Vary—Room 14, Central

Grace Quirk—Room 14, Central

George Beebe—Room 14, Central

Although they may not win a prize, suggestions from any one of the faculty will be greatly appreciated.

Who will win the \$5.00? Somebody *must* win it. The winning essay, editorial, or story will be printed in the December issue of the *Pen*, and the winner will be announced on December 23rd. Win the \$5.00 and buy a Christmas present for grandma.

—The Editor

What Is Wanting?

SCHOOL spirit" is an expression which we have all heard ever since we came into high school. We have become sick and tired of hearing it. We have prayed that the subject might be dropped. We have all been cowards; afraid to turn and face the question fairly and squarely.

When the classes of 1924 graduated all school activities went into a slump. Practically every student with any initiative was graduated either before or in that year. Since then classes have come and gone and the faculty has been altered,

but still the old wornout methods are in use. To be sure, there have been students of forgotten classes with plenty of ambition, but their ambitions and high aims were lost on their fellows, who cared nothing for the present and less for the future. There are today, students in our midsts whose ambitions are dying for want of exercise and whose ingenuity is dying for want of appreciation.

In this high school there are hundreds of students who care for nothing or no one outside of their own little selves or circle. There is no slogan sleepy enough to express the lassitude into which our school has slipped.

In schools outside of Pittsfield, teachers put on plays and students put on plays, while the audience judges which is the best. In our building we have an assembly once every three months and then we hear objections because the performances lasted forty minutes.

In other high schools there is a representative group of the students which is called the Student's Council, which has great weight in its verdicts as regards problems of discipline and similar matters. Up until 1926 we had a Student's Council, but that has dissolved because nearly all of the "reforms" failed.

Much has been said and written as regards the traffic condition in our school but still the matter is unsettled. Perhaps it is because our teachers have set a bad example in claiming the right of way when passing thru the halls.

Some of the members of the faculty seem to feel that they should not be asked to do anything other than their daily work, as that in itself is sufficiently burdensome. However, the students certainly appreciate all the interest and assistance given to them. It may not be a duty of the faculty to take part in extra curriculum activities, but it is certainly a privilege.

Formerly the blame for the lack of spirit was laid wholly on the pupils but we feel that at least some of it belongs with the faculty. Solutions for the "distressing conditions" rest, therefore, somewhat in the hands of our instructors, who, when they show a little aggressiveness will be supported by every live student in the building. What would we enjoy more than to see our teachers in that play, "The Wonder Hat?"

The P. H. S. Grub Team

WE have a striving football team that brings fame and praise to P. H. S. From early in September till late in November the players spend two hours a day, five days a week, practising; and a portion of one day a week playing.

Everyone knows this team and many attend the games, but few know that we have another team, the P. H. S. Grub Team, which, if known to outsiders, would bring disgrace to P. H. S. The members play five days a week during the entire school year with a squad of more than nine hundred students of both sexes taking part. No discrimination is made. Males oppose females; seniors, freshmen. There are few stars. One is as good as another, and everyone plays his own game. It is a good team, too, for everyone eventually reaches the goal, the length of time required, depending on just how good a player he is. The surprising thing is the rapidity with which the freshmen learn the game.

Between classes we have practise; three minutes of it. Not very long but plenty long enough. Standing in the gridiron, vulgarly called the corridor, we

see fullbacks, making excellent line plunges; quarterbacks, dodging the line of traffic officers; and halfbacks cutting around end for twenty or thirty yards before being stopped by one of their slower teammate's interference.

At the end of the fourth period everybody is set for the game with thirty minutes to play. But the game only lasts three minutes. By that time everybody has reached the goal. A bell rings, (the officials have no whistles) and the game is on. With a shout of glee, the players make a rush for the goal, down one, two, or three flights of stairs as the occasion demands. The opposing team (the traffic officers) tries to slow this rushing mob, but thirty-five attempting to stop eight hundred is a useless task. The players dash on, and finally, after reaching the goal, settle down to partake of a repast.

What a marvelous game this is! I dare say no other school in the country plays such a game; yet since it is so simple to learn and no rules to follow, do you not wonder why other schools do not learn to play it?

Wake up! students. Spend two minutes (not fifteen) more a day, use common sense, change your tactics and play the game fair; take your time, be courteous, obey traffic rules, and above all things do not run. Otherwise some day you may make a flying tackle on the stairs and after everyone has run over you, you will sit up with a smashed face.

I'm not asking you to turn the grub team into a knitting party. Just play the game fair, and maybe after Father Time is many years older, your understudies will have a new gridiron to play on.

Homer Patnode '25

Are You a Member?

THE latest organization at P. H. S. is "The Union of Professional Stool-Chasers." Its headquarters are in the lunch-room, and it is an extremely exclusive club—only those limber of limb and quick of feet are granted membership. And these are not the only requirements:—to be a member you must have all the abilities of an Edmund Burke or Daniel Webster. If you are a senior, you must explain at length to the infants and super-infants why you should be allowed to take the stool which they are conscientiously saving. And if you are not a senior, you must show that you have just as much right to save stools as they.

Regular meetings of this club are held upon every school day, at the hour of noon. For the benefit of those who are so unfortunate as not to hold membership in this club, I shall endeavor to describe a meeting.

Hepzibah Ann, the girl at our table who takes Household Arts, and is therefore able to get into the lunch-room among the first, rushes to our table, snatching on her way half a dozen stools. Upon these she plants her hands and feet, thereby foolishly hoping to keep them. But every other table has another Hepzibah Ann, who comes over to our own Heppy and attempts to rob her of her treasures. While she valiantly defends her possessions, the rest of us get into the bread line, all trying anxiously to get the eye of Hepzibah Ann.

"Heppy, save me a chair!" comes from all along the line. Poor Heppy is steadfastly clinging to her stools, at the same time trying to ascertain for just whom she is to save them. Meanwhile, some particularly clever stool-chasers, usually infants, have relieved her of a couple.

Then one by one, the rest of our table-mates approach at top speed, laden with food, with fire in our eye for whosoever dares to deter us from our destination. Poor Heppy is desperate.

"My goodness, I can't save you all chairs! Here are three, and you'll have to divide them between you. Oh, no, I promised one to Dido, so don't take this one."

Two of us grab the remains of what once promised to be a good raid, while the rest of us cast sheep's eyes at the stools tucked carefully away under neighboring tables. Ophelia, our trail blazer, suddenly makes a dive for one of those stools, but someone's foot is entwined among the rungs.

"Can't save stools!" shouts Ophelia.

"We can too!"

"Don't try to be funny! When you've been up here as long as we have you'll know better!" Ophelia triumphantly, if a bit shamefacedly, carries off her loot. After that the rest of us follow suit.

But we pay well for our seats. No wonder we have indigestion!

"I don't care, they're not supposed to save stools!"

"But, Colomba, we save them ourselves."

"Well, we're seniors!"

Situation relieved by giggles.

Then, from the region of the infants—

"When I'm a senior, I hope I won't be as mean as that."

"They think they own the place."

Five minutes later, but five minutes too late, there are stools galore. Nobody wants them now.

Finally the club adjourns, with dark murmurings still being emitted by the infants.

Well, we may not get our particular number of vitamins every day, but we are developing into a wonderful group of athletes. There's some consolation in that.

Phyllis Lundy '28

Twilight

One by one, the lights are twinkling
Bright'ning evening's somber frown;
Hushed the noise, the stir and tumult
Of the busy mart and town.

Now the birds have ceased their singing
In their nests high in the eaves;
Naught is heard in the strange silence
But the falling of the leaves.

Then the patter of the rain drops
In their tattoo on the pane
Seems to say, "Farewell, October!
Hail November's chilly reign!"

James A. McKenna
Commercial High '29



Fumes from an Old Pipe

PAPA Faure sat with his chair tipped back at a forty-five degree angle, his feet stuck into the oven of the kitchen stove. Above his shaggy white beard, a long, clay pipe protruded from his invisible lips. The smoke emitted from the pipe filled the room, so that the two children playing on the floor and the woman peeling potatoes at the sink, could be seen only thru a haze. The children chattered incessantly, now and then dropping a toy, which clattered to the floor gleefully. The clip-clip of the knife as it sheered the potatoes formed a sort of tune, to which Papa Faure let his thoughts keep time. But all of these things the old man realized only sub-consciously, for, as he gazed thru the blue rings emerging from his pipe, his thoughts wandered back to the days when he was a young man in France, with his lovely wife, Arlette, and their tiny daughter, Marguerita, who had grown to be the pretty woman now working in her kitchen, with children of her own. Ah, but those were the happy days! Papa Faure, then known as Jacques, had tilled his little farm of two acres, just outside of Paris, and little Marguerita had proved all the diversion that was necessary or possible, for that matter.

But the happiness of the little family was not long-lived. When Marguerita was five years old, her mother died, leaving Jacques to bring up his daughter as best he could. The father was grief-stricken, for they had been very happy; but for the sake of Marguerita, he had tried to make up for her loss by giving the child all the affection possible from his big, generous heart.

So Marguerita had grown up to be an extremely pretty, spoiled, young lady. The only person for whom she seemed to have any regard was her father, and she held for him the greatest passion and respect. Everything must be sacrificed for the sake of Papa Faure. So as the years passed, the wound left in each of their hearts by the death of Arlette healed, and she gradually grew to be only a memory, to be prayed for morn and night.

Then once more tragedy stalked the little home. The Germans were nearing Paris, and it was reported that they were going to use the little village where the Faures lived, as an ammunition base. Most of the inhabitants had already fled, and Papa Faure was preparing to escort his daughter to a distant town before leaving to join a regiment. Tears flowed freely, and at the last moment Marguerita cried,

"I won't leave you, Papa Faure! I'm going to dress as a boy, and go with you to Rouen."

Despite her father's pleadings and arguments, Marguerita suited her action to the words. Swiftly she cut her thick black hair; then she borrowed a suit from a neighboring boy. Thus attired, she trotted along beside her father on the road to Rouen. It must be admitted that Marguerita looked very little like a man—she presented an appearance far too delicate for that. But she kept her hat pulled well over her eyes, her chin deep in her collar. They met other men on their way to fight, who slapped Marguerita on the back like good fellows, and paid but slight attention to the fact that this slim young man seldom responded to their advances.

But they did not reach Rouen. A small German contingent took them prisoners, and separated Papa Faure from his daughter.

It was not long before Marguerita's disguise was discovered, and because she was pretty, she was forced to serve as chief provider of entertainment to her captors.

Papa Faure, meanwhile, altho well past middle age, had enough youth in his veins to help him escape from his prison to a nearby town, where there was a small station held by an American regiment.

He came rushing into the shack which served as the officers' headquarters, his clothes tattered, his eyes roving wildly.

"My Marguerita, mon Dieu! She is captured by the Germans! The swine! Oh, my poor Marguerita!" And the man threw himself upon a chair and wept before the amazed officer, who knew not a word of French, but could understand "Marguerita" and the fact that the Frenchman was much agitated.

"What the dickens is the matter?" he asked Papa Faure. "Control yourself, my good man, and tell me what you want."

But this was impossible, for each spoke a different language, so a young Frenchman was fetched in who served as interpreter between Papa Faure and Lieutenant Patrick Callahan, the officer in charge.

As soon as Lieutenant Callahan understood what the trouble was, he sent for one of his aides, and gave the order to have every one of the forty men in the contingent be prepared to make an attack on the German force which was holding Marguerita captive.

It was a hot little battle that followed. The Germans, taken completely by surprise, were forced to surrender almost immediately, and Papa Faure and his daughter were reunited. Papa kissed Lieutenant Patrick Callahan until that hard-boiled gentleman had actually blushed.

It hardly needs telling that this son of the Emerald Isle and the pretty French girl fell in love, and at the end of the war Patrick brought his bride to America.

Papa Faure, however, refused to leave his native land. He insisted upon returning to the old village, there excavating his little farm out of the debris that now covered it.

But after a few years had passed, Papa Faure longed to see his daughter, and when, one day, a letter came telling him that he was now a grandfather, he made up his mind that he would visit the wonderful country of which he had heard such glowing tales.

He rented his farm "just for six months, for I'll be back by then," and set sail from Havre.

Papa Faure blew many rings of smoke as he thought of that ocean trip. The huge ship, the funny, hard, little bunk, the queer dizziness that possessed him the first day of the voyage, the unbelievable size of the waves that battered against the sides of the boat, the fascinating New York sky-line, and then—at last!—his Marguerita, with her arms tight around his neck.

And now—Papa Faure grinned inwardly. He had been living with his daughter and son-in-law and grandchildren for almost four years, and intended to spend the rest of his life with them. He was contented beyond words, asking only to be let smoke his old clay pipe and play with Marguerita's children. And, of course, to bake his feet in the oven. But this morning he was to be deprived of this pleasure, for,

"Now, Papa Faure, if you expect any dinner today, you will have to move your feet, for I fear that this gobbler will not fit in the oven with them" said Marguerita.

No, of course not. For today was Thanksgiving, and surely no American family can give thanks without the traditional roasted turkey.

Phyllis Lundy '28

Only a Sub

"Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money,

Maybe we're ragged and funny,

But we'll travel a—' Well, for crying ducks! Say! Whatsa matter, big boy?" was the rather mixed greeting of Timmy Boyle as he strolled into Dick Holmes' room at Wilson Academy.

Draping one leg over the table end, he surveyed his friend, who was lying face down on the window seat.

"Aw, dry up! Get out, and what's more—stay out! Quit poking your nose in everyone's business!" was the very hospitable answer.

"Rats! you do not. Not me! C'mon tell Sympathetic Cynthia your little old troubles."

"Oh, I'm going to quit the eleven. I'm sick and tired of whaling out my afternoons on the grid, and anyhow, coach said Johnson would make a better right tackle than I ever would. Let 'im. Here's his chance. I'll never make the big game, and now—I'm through. Say? Didn't I tell you to get out?"

"Well, poor boy," drawled Timmy. "You beat the monkeys! Quitting! And just before the Clinton game! You're just plain jealous. Furthermore,

what's Marjorie going to say, when she hears this? All I say is, that if you dump the team, I hope Marj dumps you!" and Timmy fled precipitately as a book came sailing through the air.

But Dick did cut his practice. He spent his afternoons moping in his room, and staring fixedly at a chemistry book. Moping for two reasons: first—he wished he hadn't been such a fool, and second—because Marjorie had fulfilled Timmy's hope. During a stormy encounter on the campus, she had informed Dick, among other things that she would have nothing to do with a quitter. He could just take back his old dates, and she hoped she'd never lay eyes on him again. And she had marched off, her stubborn little chin in the air, leaving a speechless young man staring after her.

As the days went on Dick could hardly keep away from the practice field. Finally, on the Saturday before the big game, he swallowed his over-supply of pride and jealousy, and presented himself at the gym. He was greeted coldly, and his playing position was already filled by Johnson. Coach eyed Dick wordlessly, but the boy kept on plugging, in the hope that he might be chosen as a sub for the big game on Thanksgiving Day.

As the week of the big game progressed, practice was ragged. The mid-week preliminary game was a dead loss to Wilson, but the eleven and the school steadfastly believed that the team would "come back."

Thanksgiving Day. The bleachers were crowded. Dick looked on from the sub's bench. How he hoped he would be able to get into that game, if only for a little while.

In the first half, Wilson stood ahead, ten to seven. The team was beginning to take heart once more. But in the third quarter, Clinton ripped through the line and scored another touchdown. Fourteen to ten. There the score stood in the last quarter. Tears stood in Dick's eyes as he watched the plays. Johnson was wild. Oh, why *couldn't* he go in? Then—

"Holmes, get in there for Johnson. Don't you dare lay down on us. Tell the quarterback to hammer the right guard."

He would show them—Marjorie, and Timmy, and coach. Not till the last play was over would he give up. He could still play football, and he would play his best, even if only as a sub.

Clinton gained five yards—seven. They mustn't get a touchdown. Time was getting short. Suddenly, Clinton fell into kicking formation. They were going to drop-kick for the goal.

"Block that kick! Block it! *Block that Kick!*" was the hoarse cry from the Wilson stands.

Opportunity only comes once. Dick felt that he must block that kick. Maybe it wouldn't win the game, but it would keep the score from going any higher in Clinton's favor. He even might pay up for his disloyalty.

He waited. The quarterback barked his signal. The ball sailed up, and Dick leaped forward—to block that kick, or die in the attempt.

The opposing tackle lunged and missed. Blindly, Dick saw Donald, Wilson's right end, ahead of him; and near Donald, crouched the Clinton quarterback.

He could try only two plays: smother the kick himself, or rip into the Clinton quarterback, leaving the kick to Donald. Choosing the latter, he toppled the quarterback. Dimly, he sensed that the kick had been stopped.

Then something bounced in front of him—the ball. He reached out—grabbed it—hugged it tight in his arms—and started for the goal line. White lines flashed by. Feet thundered behind him. Feet that were gaining behind him. Looking up, he saw that there was not a man between him and the goal. If he could only make it! There was a sharp tug at his legs. Free again. Across the last two lines he ran and touched the ball to the ground.

The Wilson bleachers were in an uproar; waves of cheering came to Dick as he walked back on the field—

"Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah-rah—

Holmes! Holmes! HOLMES!"

Then he knew. Wilson's eleven had "come back." Wilson's team had fought and won. Unbelieving, he watched Wilson's fullback kick the goal. The ball sailed straight and true between the goal posts. The referee's shrill whistle broke the momentary silence.

The game was over! Won for Wilson!

A few minutes later, the center of a cheering, congratulatory crowd, Dick felt an imperative little tug at his elbow.

"Well?" he said nervously, "I didn't expect to see you here, Marj."

"Er-er-a, Dick! I didn't mean what I said that day. I guess you can keep those dates. I-I guess—I guess I'd rather like you to."

"A-ha!", shrilled the joyful voice of Timmy, as he poked his head under Dick's elbow, "A-ha, my little ones! Ain't love grand?"

B. Vary '28

The Gold Digger

CHUG-A-CHUG, chug, chug, chug--chugh, chug, chug. A dilapidated Ford, making a noise rivaling that of the Bethlehem Steel Works, was slowly crawling across the desert in Arizona, approaching the town of Lyric. It had no body except a plank which served as a seat, and a packing box which, undoubtedly, contained the necessities of the driver. The tires were all flat, the ignition wires consisted partly of barbed wires stolen from the herders' fences, and the front axel was re-enforced with a sturdy iron pipe. It was in such a terrible condition that I am afraid Henry would not have admitted it to be a product of his factory; yet in truth its birthplace was the Ford Motor Company of Detroit.

In due time it arrived in the town and drew up before the general store, over which was the office of Samuel C. Gudler, Justice of the Peace and the foremost lawyer in Lyric, (for he was the only one).

The occupant of the "car" drew a letter from his pocket and began to read.

Lyric, Arizona

Nov. 5, 1926

My dear Mr. Hawkins,

Your late uncle, Mr. George Hawkins, has left in my care a will which leaves to you, his only living relative, a sum of \$300.00, (three hundred dollars), and a

plot of land located near this town. I await your answer as to the disposal of this property. Kindly get in touch with me at your earliest convenience.

Sincerely yours,

Samuel C. Gudler

Folding this letter carefully and replacing it in his pocket, he descended from the Ford and started for the office.

"How do you do? My name's Hawkins," announced Ezra upon entering the office. "You wrote me a letter concerning that property my uncle left me."

"Well, well, so you are Mr. Hawkins," replied Mr. Gudler, grasping Ezra's outstretched hand and shaking it in a friendly manner. "Glad to meet you. Yes, your uncle left considerable property. About sixty acres of land; ten of desert, and the rest fair timberland over on the Honic range about twenty miles from here. Now, on this map, here is Lyric. If you follow up this stream about eighteen miles, you'll come to the ruins of a log cabin. This is where your uncle lived for about twenty-eight years. Here's a little sketch of the land he drew just before he died. You can locate the stakes from this map."

"Have you got the deed to the land?" asked Ezra.

"Most assuredly, my dear fellow, but there is one thing I must mention before I give it to you. There is a small matter of seven hundred dollars which your uncle never paid, and until that is paid this property rightfully belongs to me. But, I deem it only honest that you should be given the opportunity of paying this debt."

"I'm a-a-financially embarrassed to some degree. That trip across the states took all my ready cash; but I'll be able to pay it before long. Will you accept a note?"

"Yes," answered the lawyer without hesitation, "provided that you pay six percent."

Shortly after, Ezra left the office, the proud possessor of three hundred dollars and the deed to the land; but he left behind a still prouder lawyer with a note for seven hundred dollars of what he called "easy money."

Late that night found Ezra riding in his cement mixer towards his uncle's former home.

The next morning he took from the back of his relic a pick and shovel and, advancing into the woods a short distance, he began to dig. He dug practically all morning, straightening up often with a sigh, but continuing with a great deal of effort. After preparing a scanty dinner he started to dig again and continued off and on throughout the day.

For three days he dug, first in one place and then in another, but with seemingly no results. In the meantime he would repeat such things as: "Gee, but it's funny. There must be gold in Arizona. I've read it in books."

On the fourth fate played her hand. While walking along the edge of the brook, he saw before him a large quartz-stone, more than half covered with brilliant gold. With a gasp of astonishment he rushed forward and placed his hands upon it, greedily touching it and half caressing it in his fit of joy. Gold at last!

With much labor he loosened it from the earth and rolled it to the Ford, into which he loaded it. Hastily packing his belongings, he started full speed (twenty miles per hour) for Lyric. The day was hot, and before Ezra had gone two miles he realized that the speed was too much for his antique. A mile farther, with a deadly gasp the Ford stopped, and stopped for good. It needed no mechanic to diagnose the case. A hasty look at the gas tank revealed it to be empty.

Undaunted, and determined to reach Lyric, he unloaded the stone and started to half carry and half roll it towards the town.

Late that night a very dejected Ezsa, tired and dirty after his long journey, arrived in the village.

The next morning there came a loud knock on the door of Mr. Gudler's office.

"Come in," mumbled the lawyer.

The door opened and in walked Ezra, pale and haggard after a sleepless night. He carried with great effort his burden of the night before, carefully wrapped in an old coat.

"What in 'Sam Hill' have you got there?" asked the attorney.

"Look," said Ezra, unwrapping his prize and displaying it to the gaze of Mr. Gudler, "Look!"

Mr. Gudler gasped, then gulped, and finally approached it and examined it carefully.

"Wonderful, wonderful," he uttered. "Where did you find it?"

"On my land," beamed Ezra. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"Words cannot describe it," he replied, and then added slyly, yet in a serious tone, "It's the best sample of iron pyrites I've ever seen."

* * * * *

The next day, stuck away in a lower corner of the *Lyric Post Dispatch*, was the following news item:

"Mr. Ezra Hawkins, a newcomer from Rentil, Vermont, and nephew to the late George Hawkins of this town, died suddenly in the office of Lawyer Gudler. Death was due to heart failure."

And across the top of the paper in glaring headlines were the words:

"Gold Discovered in the Honic Range"

This announcement was followed by a glowing account of how gold, discovered by a Vermont farmer, who thought it to be iron pyrites, promised to bring about a rush greater than that of '49.

Meanwhile, in the office above the general store, a very contented Mr. Gudler, leaning back in the office chair with his feet perched on the desk, his eyes closed and a half smile on his face, was day-dreaming. Broken thoughts were running thru his mind.

No heir to the land—note for seven hundred dollars—land assessed for five hundred dollars—rich man—big town for me—no more work—automobile—parties—

He sat up suddenly, pinched himself to see if he were awake, and then settled back again, to day-dream.

H. W. Patnode '28

My Dream

ONE afternoon I came home from school dead tired. I laid my weary bones down to rest, but there is no rest for the wicked. My homework (do you have it?)—loads of it, was not done. My eyes slowly closed. Suddenly, I jumped, for before me stood a grotesque figure covered from top to toe with triangles, parallelograms and circles. It didn't need any designating placard. Immediately I recognized "Geometry."

With a low groan he sorrowfully told me of the insults directed towards him, many of which I had uttered that very day. He was abused, he explained, mournfully wiping a tear away with an isosceles triangle.

But he soon became oratorical and reprimanded me severely for my sins against him. He was about to chase me with a gleaming tangent drawn from a point without a circle, when a clanking of chains was heard. Almost immediately "Geometry" disappeared. I recovered my lost breath and turned around to thank my rescuer.

But—I confronted "Great Caesar's Ghost," looking as forbidding as "Geometry". In fact, Caesar looked more so. He was dressed in the usual flowing robes of the ancient Romans, but instead of a laurel wreath, his classic brow was encased in a Gallic helmet, and he was armed with a heavy battle axe. Brandishing this above my head, he launched forth upon an angry tirade against me. I was taken to task for using his campaign plans in connection with those of the Venelli; for confusing "Calyary" with "Cavalry", etc. The air was thick with left out long-marks and complementary infinitives. Indeed, I was more than thankful when he was interrupted by another personified study.

This was a perfectly French-looking Frenchman, who appeared very dainty in contrast with the warlike Caesar. "Frenchy" was hurt—indeed, his heart seemed broken. He regretfully announced that I was a dunce, that I would never pay any attention to genders and that I could neither understand, nor speak one sentence correctly in the French language. He actually made me feel sorrowful.

But I was roused from my despair by a loud bellowing and roaring. Looking up, I beheld Alfonso, King of Spain, leading a group of pre-historic bulls, who had died gloriously in the sandy arena at Madrid. He was aroused over my use of "Usted" with the first person, and my desire to create a new Spanish language.

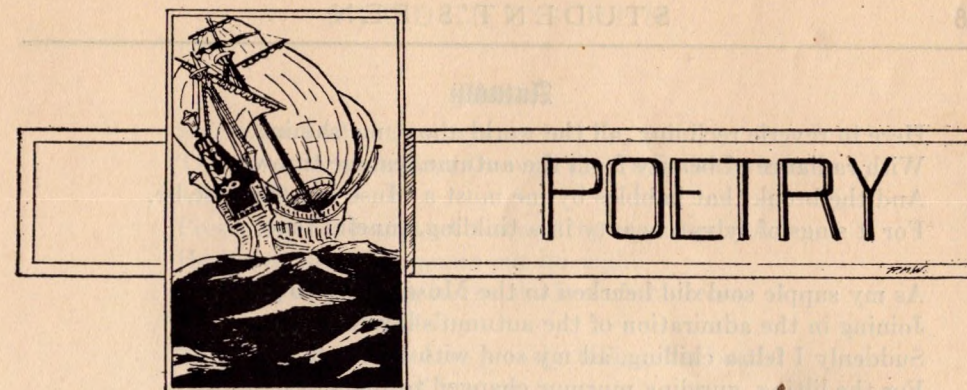
Confusion filled my reeling brain. Oh, these languages! And now, nine duplicates of my long suffering English teacher appeared. They all scolded me, and berated me because I didn't know the meaning of a "loose construction;" and because my oral topics sounded like glorified Pittsfield High School cheering. Caesar and the Frenchman were snickering behind enormous handkerchiefs. Well they might! How could they expect me to read and write their languages, when I couldn't even master my native tongue?

Then, "Geometry" reappeared on the scene and began conversing with Caesar and the Frenchman in German. The English teachers and Alfonso were trying to trump up more charges against me.

Then all forms gradually blended into one, and I awoke to find my small brother viciously beating a drum, and blowing a tin whistle in my ear.

My word, what a ridiculous dream! But, conscience stricken, I gathered up my books and went to my desk to study in earnest.

Marietta Keegan



Pines and Birches

Row upon row
Of pines
In endless marching
Across the hills
Are straight and tall;
Beautiful in majesty,
Wonderful in symmetry
And sameness,
Glorious in form,
Clear, and forceful.

Here in this hollow
Are clustered silver birches;
Friendly, in groups;
Crooked and gray,
Leaning against their friends;
Lovely in color,
Pale, and soft, and restful.

Oh, let me stay forever
Here in this little hollow,
Guarded by silver birches:
Looking out on the greatness
Of pines
In endless marching
Row upon row.

M. H. B.

Autumn

Here in reverie reclining, all the world about me shining,
With radiance of beauty from the autumn leafage thrown;
And the brook that babbles by me must a Muse in a disguise be,
For it sings of sylvan beauty in a tinkling, tuneful tone.

As my supple soul did hearken to the Muse's song so jocund,
Joining in the admiration of the autumn's loveliness,
Suddenly I felt a chilling, all my soul with horror filling—
For the lilting, gurgling murmur changed to roars of ugliness.

Vanished all the autumn beauty, radiant no longer to me;
Death in golden leafed raiment danced and glowed before my eyes.
'Neath the vision saw I lurking, Winter coldly, grimly smirking,
Clad in frigid hoarfrost garment, waiting for his time to rise.

Up I sprang—the spell now broken that the Muse o'er me had woven;
Gone the weird hallucinations and horror of my soul!
Flooded back the wonderous glowing, by its vividness now showing
Beauty, cheer, and love existing—gems of God in earthly mold.

Ray Sullivan '29
Commercial

No Longer

When your notes no longer ring
As clearly as of yore,
Then even though we beg you to
Sing for us no more.

When your thoughts no longer troop
In motley brave and bright,
Fill not the page with somber stuff:
But leave it clean and white.

For though we may long for you
Until our hearts shall burst,—
Better that we remember you
As when we knew you first.

So when your torch no longer burns
As bright as when first lit,
O, do not wait for it to die!
Quickly extinguish it.

Helen Pfund

Music

Softly the twilight gathers,
The dying light streams through the Cathedral windows
All is still.
Presently the low, sweet voice of the organ speaks,
Hesitates, and then pours out its soul.
The widow, kneeling in the shadow of the cross,
Listens and is consoled.
The black-clad Brother, piously telling his beads,
Hears, and dreams of heaven.
The music ends,
The light fades—and again
All is still.

Grace Mochrie

Blind Eyes

How dull to be quiet all day and only listen
To the sighs and laughs of the world that should be mine!
I shall go out and follow where fancy leads me;
With the swaying boughs of trees I shall mark time.

And all the crowd that treads the dusty pavement
Will gaze at me with wonder and surprise,
As I come singing with the free wind's voice,
The madness of autumn shining in my eyes.

When I am weary, and tired of murmuring voices,
And disapproving eyes that stare at me,
Then shall I speak my fancies to the wild wind,
Which has blind eyes that cannot look or see.

Elizabeth W. Seaver '29

Twilight

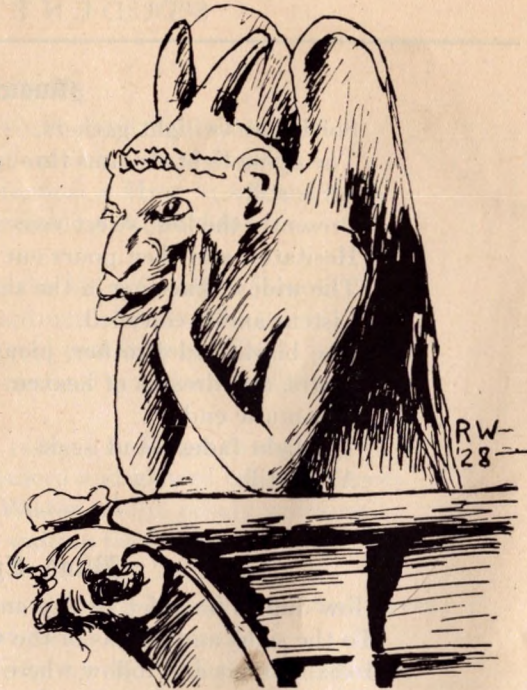
I love the calm solitude
That twilight brings,
When o'er earth's tired brood
Night folds her wings.

And across earth's lonely hills
The shadows creep,
Bringing to the valleys still
Deep, dreamless sleep.

'Tis then that I recall
The One so wise
Who watches over all
With star-lit eyes.

W. K. Gimlich '28

Essays and Specials



The Argonne

A MOTOR trip thru the battlefields of France arouses many strange and unusual feelings. One glorious day last August I motored with some friends thru Argonne Wood from Verdun, the point where so many Frenchmen lost their lives defending the "Gateway to Paris." My feeling as we left Fort de Duamont, one of the forts on the twenty kilometre line just outside of Verdun, was one of admiration for the French who had stood such constant strain in defense of their mother country, and who had given their lives for her safety and honor. I pictured in my mind what it must have been like to live in trenches, knee-deep in mud, shells falling all around, and comrades, dear as brothers, going on the "long road" at every shot. Then again, I pictured the soldiers living in the fort, fifty feet under ground, one half of it occupied by the Germans, who might at any moment break down the dividing wall, which was the only barrier between the two foes. I stood silent, filled with emotion, whether sorrow or depression, I can not say which.

Later, in going thru the Argonne Wood, we passed two beautiful memorials erected by the state of Pennsylvania in honor of her dead. One of them had in the center a bronze figure of a "doughboy" ready for action, standing above a group of fallen comrades-in-arms. To me it typified the indomitable spirit of the Yankee soldier. Just beyond, we passed the largest American cemetery in France. Here my spirits rose to a height of exaltation. I was filled with pride that the American people had come to the aid of France at the crucial moment, just as the French had helped our forefathers seven score years before. It was a beautiful yet sad sight to see the marble crosses row upon row along the hillside, the grass growing green among them, and the American flag at the top, the whole

reflected in a pool at the foot. The trip brought back to memory a poem by J. P. Cameron Wilson:

"You snatched the sword, and answered as you went,
For fear your eager feet should be outrun,
And with the flame of your bright youth unspent
Went shouting up the pathway to the sun.
O valiant dead, take comfort where you lie.
So sweet to live? Magnificent to die!"

W. D. '28

Trees

TREES are guideposts along the winding road. There are tall poplars which knock their long arms together in lazy, luxurious tussle when the wind blows them; proud pines which keep their green all through the cold of winter, and groan as their old limbs are tossed by the cold blasts, there are tall elms in which bird's nests are gently rocked; beeches from which ripe nuts drop in autumn; spruces which point toward the vastness of blue in the sky; frail birches which nod their heads together as though in gossip; and the cottonwood tree, its leaves covered with a soft down, which is blown in the wind like hair on a baby's head. They are all beautiful, all wonderful, as they stand against the sky.

In spring the branches hold little nests, for the trees have held out friendly arms and offered them to the birds, and their call is never unheeded. Songs burst forth through the leaves; a mischievous wind runs off with a bit of straw that was not sufficiently tucked in, and an inexperienced breeze comes upon featherless little birds and hurries away in shocked surprise. When the leaves have turned red and yellow in autumn, and the birds have gone, the wild wind, searching for feathers to ruffle, blows the leaves away in a myriad bombardment of color.

In summer the trees are waiting, standing still. Sometimes no leaf is moving anywhere; sometimes they are being blown by a lazy breeze, and the leaves cling to their branches when the wind is passing by.

In the fall of the year, when the trees are getting ready for winter, there may be seen, fluttering to the ground, blown by the wandering wind, tiny seeds from the trees. In spring they will become little plants. Some trees grow cones, and in autumn little seeds with feathery tails come flying out of them on a careless journey earthward. The maple grows its seeds on its branches and twigs, without protection from the wind and the rain, and they, too, fall from their places and play with the breeze in made ecstasy, until they arrive, dazed and breathless, at the ground.

When the leaves are turning red and yellow, and the wind, mad with autumn glory, blows them to the ground, they are most beautiful. The leaves of the oak turn brilliant red before they fall; those of the elm turn yellow; then all trees except evergreens hold bare arms, shivering, to the cold sky. Only the evergreens keep the same color all the year.

Oh, you may take everything I have, but leave me trees; poplars to give me sleepy, silvered thoughts in the quiet of dusk; proud elms to tell me that all I seek is just beyond the hill; tall larches rocked by autumn's farewell breeze; but give me surely pines, which never sleep, and I shall mark time with their swaying boughs keep always their haunting fragrance. Yet sometimes, I must turn to the world again, to make my way among the blatant crowds that throng busy streets; but always I will turn my mind from these, to seek and find a comfort in the trees.

Elizabeth W. Seaver '29

History

AS I was digging into piles of ancient and modern volumes, my attention was drawn to the similarity of passages in various books. I let the ogres of English and history slip out of the scene and delved until I obtained the following series of quotations:

"Harem Chatter"

Oct. 9, 2891 B.C.

"Our great king, Cheops, has, for the education of the modern youth, erected a building that is a marvel of architecture. This building, towering to the height of three stories, contains nineteen rooms and three laboratories besides a magnificent lunch room. We, of the older generation, never had such advantages in our youth."

"Alexandria Courier"

Jan. 1, 321 B. C.

"Our great king, Alexander, has, for the education of the modern youth, moved the great edifice of learning, built by Cheops, to Macedonia. The king is quoted as saying, 'I never had those advantages in my youth.'"

Caesar's "Moments at Home"

March 11, 55 B.C.

"Pompey, Crassus, and I heard a committee demanding better education. We didn't want to lay out much money so we shipped in a building from Macedonia built by Cheops. We knocked down the third floor toilets and that gave us a couple more rooms. The building is kind of old but we never had such advantages in our youth."

Charlemagne's Diary

July 7, 791 A. D.

"Today I made a swap with the Pope. I christianized a couple of countries and he moved a building up from Rome to use in educating our young people. It's kind of old and you can make it vibrate by shaking your feet. I lost out on the deal, but just the same, I never had such advantages in my youth."

"The Norman Herald"

Sept. 9, 1066 A. D.

"To facilitate in educating of the rude Anglo-Saxons, King William took to Hastings with him one of our oldest buildings, thought to have been erected by Charlemagne. This building, though rather dilapidated, will serve for mere Anglo-Saxons."

Governor Bradford's Account

Dec. 5, 1630 A. D.

"We took with us a building for the purpose of education. This building, supposedly built by William, the Conqueror, was brought along because it would not be much of a loss if sunk at sea. This wreck will be torn down as soon as a new site is decided upon."

"Pittsfield's Town Records"

Nov. 9, 1761 A. D.

"To relieve the present congested conditions an old high school was moved here from Plymouth. This edifice, thought to be built in the early days of that town, will serve only as a temporary relief, for it will accommodate only a limited number of students. It will be torn down as soon as a location for a new building has been chosen."

"Pittsfield Eagle"

1927 A. D.

"A new high school is needed everyone agrees, but the site of this building is a subject of much discussion. No decision is yet in sight."

"Metropolis News"

2000 A. D.

"If one should visit Pittsfield he would see a building still in use as a public high school, which was built supposedly long ago in the year nineteen twenty-seven. As soon as a new site is chosen this building will be moved to some museum for exhibition. Many cities will bid high for this choice antique."

Wilson Dunham

Armistice Day

WAR came upon the world in August, 1914, with a suddenness and an impact that dazed mankind. When Bulgaria, Turkey, and Austria-Hungary deserted Germany, the Kaiser and his military advisers, left alone, appealed to the Allies through President Wilson for an armistice during which peace terms might be discussed. While these negotiations were pending, a cabled message was received on November 7 to the effect that all soldiers would cease fighting at two o'clock of that afternoon. It was a false report but it spread with incredible speed throughout the country. Celebrations which included virtually every American town made the country a gala place for twenty-four hours. The American people with characteristic good nature laughed at the hoax the next day and settled down in patience to await the inevitable declaration of an armistice.

The true report arrived that it had been signed on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year, 1918. Shrieks of whistles, booming of cannon, and the clangor of bells awoke millions of sleeping persons, many of whom trooped into the streets to mingle their rejoicings with those of their neighbors. For a day, there was a high carnival in town and country throughout the land and then the nation settled down to face the imminent problem of reconstruction.

And so, now, the ninth anniversary of this memorable date, we do honor to those whose very lives were given up to this noble cause. As we commemorate the signing of the Armistice we do it without the shouting and the noise but in a far more thoughtful spirit of gratitude and thanksgiving that the war is over. We do it with a hope that the principles of peace for which such gallant sacrifices were made may continue to reign in the years to come and that each individual will consider it his highest honor and duty to go forth as willingly and bravely as these soldiers of the World War in defense of his country and flag.

And as Oliver Wendell Holmes has expressed it,

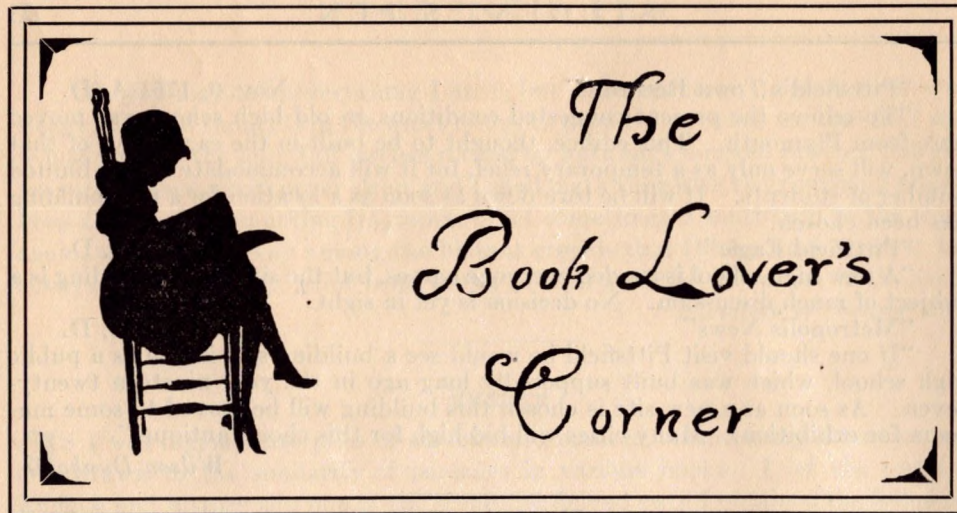
"God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,

While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave,

Till the dim star-wreath rekindles its splendors,

Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave!"

G. M. Quirk '28



"Wallflowers"

by Temple Bailey

WALLFLOWERS", in my opinion, is a rather unusual story, unusual, perhaps, chiefly thru its characters. In the whole book, one is startled by the changes the author makes in portraying two phases of feminine character. She shows us all the expertness of sophistication and subtle charm, and then, as quickly and without explanation she places before us the genuineness of a sincere nature with no subtlety, no sophistication.

The book begins by holding up Sandra and Theodore Claybourne, twin daughters of an old Virginia family, as examples of the modern term "wallflowers." Their inability to banter cleverly and say all the silly things required in the modern girl's language, labeled them as hopelessly and disgustingly archaic. By studying the situations in which they appear, we can learn much concerning the girls themselves—Sandra, of the light heart and gentle disposition, whose world is centered around dreams and ideals, which though they may never be realized, are a vital part of her existence—Theodora or "Doady" as she is called, the temperamental but lovable child, whose feverish ambitions to fulfill the hopes of her mother and sister become such an obsession that the fundamental charm of her nature is partly concealed. The delightful portrayal of two such widely different characters fascinates the reader and he looks eagerly forward to the solving of the problems which arise. Magnetism of personality, sweetness of disposition and simplicity and naturalness of character, have an important part in the triumphs and achievements of the "Wallflowers."

Read this story in which sardonic cynicism, thrilling adventure and bitter heartache all hold sway and decide for yourselves whether simplicity and trueness of character really pay.

G. M. Quirk '28

"The Cutters"

by Bess Aldrich

THE Average American Mother", how long-suffering, how patient she is, and yet how necessary to the well-being of our country! Bess Aldrich, a young American novelist, who, until this book came to be popular, was little known, has taken an average mother and has woven a series of delightful incidents around her.

Margaret Cutter, age thirty-nine and a college graduate, is blessed with the usual appendages of a mother, namely: Ed Cutter, her husband, the ordinary helpless male; two nine-year old boys, who are at the wild Indian age; twelve year-old Josephine; the baby, who demands the center of the stage; and old Grandma Cutter, who has a host of memories. We see this little circle work out its problems from day to day. Nothing spectacular or exciting happens, just the thousand and one incidents that make up one's daily existence. We read of such things as Margaret's vacation, mud on the carpets, the rummage sale, practical child training (via the wood-shed), Josephine becomes aristocratic, and Grandma Cutter makes a speech. A light romance, slightly tinged with humor, is offered by the advent of Margaret's niece, who has come to spend the summer with her aunt. After the niece has played at cross purposes all summer with the young dentist who lives up the street, she suddenly realizes that she is in love with him. The love-making furnishes considerable satisfaction to the old maids who live next door to the dentist and who have a very convenient grape-vine.

The last pages of the book are somewhat pathetic. Somehow the years have slipped by with Margaret Cutter doing the little things that make up a mother's existence. Grandma has gone on the great adventure, Josephine is married, the boys are away, one to an office, the other to finish school, and the baby, eleven years old, is spending the day at his uncle's. And now, Margaret is facing Ed across the supper table, alone again after twenty-five years. She has time now for her music, for reading, but her piano is closed, her books lie untouched. In her heart there is a terrible, aching void of loneliness and out of the travail of her spirit, she utters these words, with which the author closes the book, "I wish I could write, so that every mother would realize that the happiest days of her life are those in which her children are growing up."

Charles Wells '28

"The Aristocratic Miss Brewster"

by Joseph C. Lincoln

IN "The Aristocratic Miss Brewster", we have another Cape Cod story by the author who loves and understands that section of our country.

Miss Brewster, one of the last of the old Brewster family, suddenly finds herself financially embarrassed as a result of wild speculation. So, much to the horror and disgust of her housekeeper and the townspeople, she goes to work in Captain Snow's bank. Here, things run along smoothly for a time and Miss

Brewster is just recognizing her love for the Captain, when her only other relative, a half-brother, appears to complicate matters. But, how he complicates affairs and how they are eventually straightened out, I leave for you to discover.

Personally, I did not care for the book. It seemed to me that there was not sufficient material for a story and that little, unimportant facts and descriptions had to be put in to fill out the required length of the story. I also believe that from a literary point of view Cape Cod material is pretty well exhausted. Consequently, while the book has many saving qualities, it is far below the usual splendid Lincoln style.

Mary Read '28

Book Shops

As I walk thru the thoroughfares,
Of large and populous towns,
Books in windows here and there
Attract me more than gowns.

In cases high against the wall,
Within each little store
Books alluring call to me,
To enter and explore.

Volumes gay of poetry,
Novels, new and old,
Books of travel, history,
Priceless beyond gold.

I wish I had the power,
To take away with me
To some secluded tower,
All the books I see.

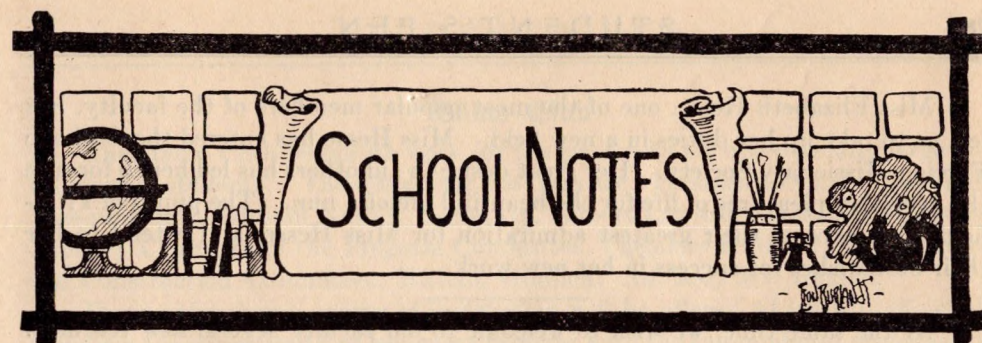
Rosemary Gannon

The Perfect Day

The sun sinks slowly in the west,
And shadows creep around.
The darkness like a misty shroud
Steals slowly, gently down.

The church, the hill, the trees and fields,
In darkness face away,
While the curfew bell peals out to me
The close of a perfect day.

Mary MacHaffie '29
Commercial



Changes in Our Faculty



Through the resignation of Mr. Lucey, the head of the mathematics department of this school, both the teachers and pupils have suffered a great loss. Mr. Lucey has taught in Pittsfield High for fifteen years. During this time he has given his services unsparingly in the teaching of mathematics, and has made many friends among the members of the faculty and the pupils.

On Friday, October 29th, the faculty gave a farewell luncheon for Mr. Lucey. Mr. Rudman was the speaker of the day, and in behalf of the faculty, he expressed their regret at Mr. Lucey's leaving and wished him the greatest success in his new work. Mr. Lucey was presented with a gold fountain pen and pencil. In his response Mr. Lucey said he had enjoyed teaching at Pittsfield High and it was with some reluctance that he was leaving. Shortly after, Mr. Lucey left for Boston where he has already begun his new work in the Boston Latin School.

Mr. Lucey will be greatly missed by all of his pupils and also by the members of the Mathematics Club, in which he had so great an interest. His kindness and sincerity will be long remembered. The pupils of Pittsfield High wish to thank Mr. Lucey for all that he has done for them and to extend to him their sincerest wishes for success and happiness in his new work.

Miss Elizabeth Hesse, one of the most popular members of the faculty, has left us to take up her duties in a new field. Miss Hesse has entered the Catholic Foreign Missionary Society. Her great desire to aid others has led her to forsake the everyday pleasures of life for the beautiful life of a nun. The pupils of Pittsfield High express their greatest admiration for Miss Hesse, and extend to her their best wishes for success in her new work.

At the same time, we wish to welcome to our faculty several new teachers. Miss Katherine Nagle, who is in the Latin department; Miss Katherine McCormick, who is teaching Commercial Geography and English; and Mr. Weyland Herrick, who is in the Mathematics department. We extend to all of these the hearty wish that they may enjoy their work at P. H. S.

Commercial Class Officers

Senior A—President, Hazel Andrews; Vice-President, Francis Quirico; Secretary, Florence Bruce; Treasurer, Ethyle Vincent; Class Advisor, Miss Downs.

Senior B—President, Michael Foster; Vice-President, Anna Thorpe; Secretary, Evelyn McCumiskey; Treasurer, Bertha Miner. The ring committee consists of Joseph Pelky, Dorothy Wellspeak, and Anna Welz. The class advisor is Miss Downs.

Junior A—President, Bernice Brock; Vice-President, Anne Lynch; Secretary, Esther Truran; Treasurer, Helen Cooke. Anne Lynch, Elizabeth Armstrong, and Helen Cooke make up the ring committee. Miss Enright is the class advisor.

Junior B—President, Raymond Sullivan; Vice-President, Emma Jones; Secretary, James Martineau; Treasurer, Cecile Berry. The ring committee consists of Marguerite Foster, Emma Jones, and James McKenna. The class advisor is Miss Rieser.

Club Activities

Glee Club

The Glee Club, under the supervision of Charles F. Smith, is planning a concert with "Stabat Mater" as its subject. Singers have been secured for the solo parts, and the school orchestra will cooperate with the club for the presentation of the concert.

At the annual convention of the Parent-Teachers Association of Massachusetts at the Maplewood Hotel, several members of the Glee Club gave a very delightful program. "The Angels' Serenade" and "Old Uncle Moon" were rendered by the Misses Papoon, Brewer, Boutwell, Milne, Hilberg, Cullen, Foster, Miller, Preston, and Mitchell, with Grace Buckwalter as accompanist. The High School Orchestra also played several selections. This program met with great approval, and showed that the High School has much musical talent. The members of the Glee Club hope to make this a very successful year.

Grace Mochrie

Radio Club

The Radio Club began its work for the year with an exceptionally large enrollment of students. The officers for the term are: President, Donald Shepherd; Vice-president, William Nesbit; Secretary, Gilbert Lawson; Treasurer, Winslow Zauche; Chairman of the Program Committee, Theodore Hibbard; Chairman of the Construction Committee, William Gimlich; Advisor, Mr. Russell.

During the year a course of instruction will be offered which will afford all members the opportunity of becoming familiar with the fundamental principles of radio reception and transmission. One of the major projects of this year's work will be the construction of a sending station. Plans are being formulated at present with this object in view.

The receiving set has been placed in excellent condition by the installation of a new power unit. It is now possible to obtain splendid results, and all students of P. H. S., whether members of the club or not, are cordially invited to listen to the programs. From time to time major broadcasting features will be received in the auditorium for the benefit of the student body.

Donald Shepherd

C. M. T. C.

The term's work of the C. M. T. C. Club has many interesting features. Thus far the work has consisted of military tactics, including the military close order drill, which is practiced on the common each week when the weather is favorable. However, the winter is fast approaching, and during this time Coach Carmody intends to continue with rifle practice. Another subject which will be studied during the winter months is courtesies to the flag. This club aims to give its members an insight into military training and also to recruit for the C. M. T. C. camps. Many of the boys of this school have been to Camp Devens and a few have been to the C. M. T. C. camps at Fort Adams, Fort Ethan Allen, and Fort Wright.

The officers for this term are: Commander, Fred Lummus; Vice-Commander, William Folan; and Quarter-Master, Dave Mountain.

V. Victoreen

Public Speaking Club

The Public Speaking and Dramatics Club, under the direction of Miss Kelly, endeavors to combine the essentials of speaking and acting so that the dramatic instinct in each pupil may be developed. Because of the large membership of this club, all student members are not always able to participate in each of the activities. Monologues, recitations, and speeches compose the programs which are beneficial to every speaker and actor. Those who are interested in only the public speaking are given ample opportunity to express their opinions in impromptu talks. For those who find the dramatic side of the club work more interesting, there are many occasions for showing their acting ability. Although there is not time to produce longer plays, plans for several one-act plays are being made; thus each member of the club will be given an opportunity to develop his own line of work.

M. Keegan

Handwork Club

In the Handwork Club there are over a hundred members. The basketry class of this club is divided into two groups; the beginners, who are making coaster trays, and the advanced students, who are making table and floor lamps. The girls in the enameling club, which meets in the attic, are making many pretty things for Christmas gifts, among them are shoe trees, coat hangers, candle sticks, foot-stools, vases, and lamp shades, both silk and parchment.

During the past two years the Handwork Club has added many to its number and has proved to be one of the most popular clubs of the school.

Betty Young

The Posture Club

The Posture Club, under the supervision of Miss Nicholson, is still carrying on its splendid work in Pittsfield High. This club has been organized for the purpose of correcting any faults in posture that the girls may develop during their high school days. Each week a few corrective exercises are assigned. These exercises are first practiced in class and then are done each day at home. This work has proved very beneficial, and as a result, it has been introduced into many of the junior high schools and grammar schools of the city. This year many girls have taken advantage of this splendid opportunity and the club is filled to its capacity.

V. Victoreen

Household Art Notes

Have you noticed the blossoming out of chic felt hats among the female members of our school? What's that? Wanamaker's must be doing a big business? Oh no, only the felt department in England Brothers, for the girls make their own hats in the sewing class of the Household Arts Department.

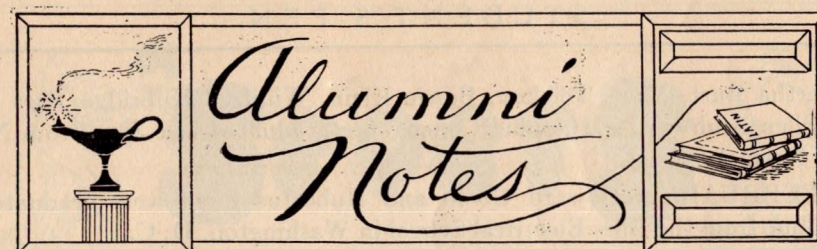
The sophomore class has just finished making cooking aprons, while the advanced classes are making winter dresses. Several weeks ago the junior cooking class prepared and served a luncheon to the superintendent of schools.

Betty Young

Gypsy Program

On Thursday, October 27th, Miss Pfeiffer's fifth period English class presented a very interesting gypsy program. The program, which was presided over by Betty Young, was as follows:—

"Introduction"	Betty Young
"Origin of the Gypsies"	Doris Waterman
"The Jewelry and Styles of Hairdressing of the Gypsies"	Margaret Thomson
"The Gypsy Heart", a poem	Helen Carpino
"Konrad Bercovici, the Man Who Writes Gypsy Stories"	Donald Sheperd
"Flint and Steel," a Gypsy Story	Clayton Robertson
"The Gypsy Love Song," a Victrola record	
"Gypsy Customs in Lands Abroad"	William Folan
The program was concluded with a poem,	
"A Vagabond Song"	Ruth Cook



'21 RUTH BASTOW, who recently gave a recital in the P. H. S. auditorium, on returning to the Chicago Musical College this fall, entered the open competition for free fellowships, winning one for study during the year with Herbert Witherspoon, president of the College, and with Miss Helen Wolverton, one of the assistants in vocal training.

'23 DOROTHY HALLOCK, and Amy Hodges graduated in June from Russell Sage College. Miss Hallock's college activities included membership in the Silver Bay Club, the Census Bureau and Prom committee. Miss Hodges, who transferred from Skidmore at the close of her first college year, has been a member of the Silver Bay Club, The Forum, and the Glee Club.

HELENE MILLETT, who graduated last June from Smith College, cum laude, is teaching at Plunkett School.

Wendell Budrow received in June one of the Sterling Scholarships for excellency in studies at Yale University. This is the second time he has received this scholarship.

George Gerst of Port Arthur, Texas, has been elected secretary of the University Club recently organized in Port Arthur. He graduated from M. I. T. in June.

Ermine Huntress, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College received a scholarship at Union Theological Seminary. She is now attending Union preparatory to doing College Bible Work.

'24 FEBRUARY. Howard Learned is attending the University of Detroit. JUNE. Edward Abrahms, a senior at Tufts College was elected to membership in the honorary Tower Cross Society and made secretary of that organization. This is one of the highest honors at the College, only twelve students being elected to the society each year. He is also a member of the Student Council, and sporting editor of *Tuft's Weekly*.

Loretta Hebert, a graduate of Bridgewater Normal School, is teaching at Plunkett School.

Donald Retallick is a student at Burdette College.

'25 FEBRUARY. Janet Macbeth was married November 5th to Harold Edwards of Dalton. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards will reside in Chicago where Mr. Edwards will be employed by the General Electric Company.

Bessie Robinson has been awarded a gold medal in the contest for sopranos, held Music Day at the Central Canada Exhibition in Ottawa. After her graduation from P. H. S. Miss Robinson spent some time in England with her parents. Since her return she has made her home with them at 239 Carling Avenue, Ottawa, Canada, where she has been giving piano lessons in addition to taking vocal lessons.

Martha Burt, Mary Tolckov, Bessie Klein, Winifred Kilbridge, Sara Robinson, Ellen Andrews, and Sophie Cohen were graduated last June from North Adams Normal School.

'26 FEBRUARY. Howard Goold and Hubertus Field were graduated in June from the Bliss Electrical School in Washington, D. C.

Peter Garden is attending Union College.

Victor Blais is a student at the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts.

Margaret Connally is in training at St. Luke's Hospital.

JUNE. Robert Nolan, a first year student at the Rennselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy N. Y., is a member of the freshman football team. He was active in high school athletics, having played on the football, baseball, and basketball teams of P. H. S. Recently he was pledged to the Sigma Phi Delta fraternity, and is studying for a mechanical engineering degree.

Willard Yeats is working in the Actuary Department of the Berkshire Life Insurance Company.

Marjorie White, a former editor-in-chief of the *Student's Pen*, has transferred from Wellesley College to Katherine Gibbs School.

Katherine Ryan, a former advertising manager of the *Pen*, has transferred from Skidmore to Smith College.

'27 FEBRUARY. Merrill Tabor and Herbert Volin are taking evening courses at Berkshire Business College.

Sidney Cusick has been elected treasurer of the freshman class at New York University, and has been appointed a member of the Student Council.

Edith Arnold is employed at the Maplewood Cleaners and Dyers.

John Walker is attending Worcester Academy and not Williams College as was previously stated.

Nit: "I had a date with a professional mind reader last night."

Wit: "Did she enjoy her vacation?"

* * * *

He had been hovering near her all evening, and at last his opportunity came.

"May I ask you for the next dance?" he questioned.

"Please do," she replied, "I've been simply longing to turn you down all evening."

* * * *

"What are you so furious about?"

"Jack called me an old fool."

"Why, you're not so old."

* * * *

Phyllis Lundy: "I dream my stories."

Doris Cullen: "My, how you must hate to go to bed."



P. H. S. Defeats Troy 32-0

On Saturday, October 22nd, Pittsfield High defeated Troy High at Waconah Park by the overwhelming score of 32-0. Pittsfield High was the master of the situation at all times and Troy was never in a position which would cause any alarm to the P. H. S. rooters. Our team demonstrated the fact that it is a powerful eleven, our fleet backs making big gains, assisted by almost perfect interference.

Our team worked like a well oiled machine, so much so, that there were no real heroes of the game although J. Martin's run was far from being an ordinary occurrence.

John Condron

P. H. S. 7--Williams Freshmen 7

In its second game of the season Pittsfield High played the Williams College Freshmen to a 7-7 tie. Our team outplayed their heavier opponents in all periods of the game with the exception of the last four-minutes of the final period.

In the first half Williams kicked off to Pittsfield High, Kelly bringing the ball back seven yards. A series of runs by Sullivan, Foster, and Pomeroy then netted a touchdown; Pomeroy kicking the goal.

In the second half a forward pass, Sullivan to Foster netted ten yards. This was followed by a series of line plunges and end runs, bringing the ball up to Williams' one-yard line. The next play resulted in a fumble, the ball going to the freshmen, shattering Pittsfield's hopes for a touchdown. Pittsfield threatened to score later in the same period, but another fumble proved disastrous.

With about four minutes to play in the last period, the first year men commenced a series of forward passes which gave them a touchdown. The try for point after touchdown failed, but as Pittsfield was offside Williams was awarded the much desired point. A few minutes later the whistle blew, the ball being on Pittsfield High's 20-yard line.

Sullivan, Foster, and Captain Pomeroy starred on the offensive, while Root, Lummus, Martin, and Pomeroy played the best defensive game.

John Condron

Pittsfield 6--Adams 0

The fans who attended the Pittsfield-Adams football game at Adams, Oct. 29th, received an unexpected surprise, for the mighty Pittsfield boys were held scoreless until the second period, when Robinson managed to sneak across the line to score the only points of the game. This touchdown was made possible only by the consistent gains of Pomeroy and Sullivan and by the splendid offensive play of the remainder of the squad. Pittsfield's victory was threatened in the last quarter, when Adams succeeded in bringing the ball to the three-yard line.

This game was Pittsfield's first league contest. There now remains but one obstacle between them and the championship of the Big Three, the obstacle being the St. Joe's game, which will take place on Thanksgiving Day. If our boys are as successful as we expect them to be, the crown of glory will be theirs.

"Marty" Carr

On the Sidelines

Those who remember last year's Thanksgiving Day game will also remember their overcoats—and their red flannels—Br-r-r-r. Wasn't it cold!

Pittsfield usually has two important events on Thanksgiving Day; one goes down in so many mouthfuls; the other goes down in football history.

Ed Brown wants to go to the game, but his girl friend hasn't invited him yet.

Well, friends, don't forget the Big Game. Come and bring your chums. Everybody is welcome—even the sophomores. Let's make it unanimous—We'll all attend the game!

Speaking of sophomores, one member of that class ardently believes that a football coach runs on wheels.

Coach Carmody, to the football squad after the New Britain game:—"I wish some of you boys could register some intellect."

Fred Lummus thought the team was going on a European tour when the coach said they were to play in New Britain.

Martin Carr

H. Patnode: "Have you decided what we're going to do tonight?"

B. Vary: "No. Let's think hard."

H. Patnode: "Aw, let's do something you can do too."

* * * *

How many students know the Scotch boy who wouldn't go to school for fear he'd have to pay attention?



He calls his girl "Well-enough" so the boys will let her alone.

* * * *

A Denmark professor opines that kissing is a science and that eventually it will be taught in all high schools. The professor, it appears to us, is a little late—or else he doesn't know the high schools.

* * * *

Patience Rewarded

Salesman (demonstrating car): "Now I will throw in the clutch."

Farmer: "I'll take her then. I knew if I held off long enough you'd give me something for nothing, b'gosh."

* * * *

Little Leslie was going to a party and his mother gave him a few points about his table manners.

When her son returned she asked whether he had obeyed her instructions.

"Oh, yes," he replied, proudly, "When they offered me a second piece of cake I said: 'Take that beastly stuff away!'—just the same as father does."

* * * *

"That's a fine letter-case you have, old man."

"Yes. My wife gave it to me on my birthday."

"Fine! Anything in it?"

"Yes—the bill for the case."

* * * *

Pomeroy: "What are you drawing?"

Olsen: "A dog."

Pomeroy: "Yes? Well where's the tail?"

Olsen: "Oh, that's still in the ink bottle."

* * * *

T'was in a restaurant that they met,
Young Romeo and Juliet;
And there he first got into debt,
For Romeo'd what Juliet.

* * * *

W. Manvel: "Hey, barber, gimme a glass of water."

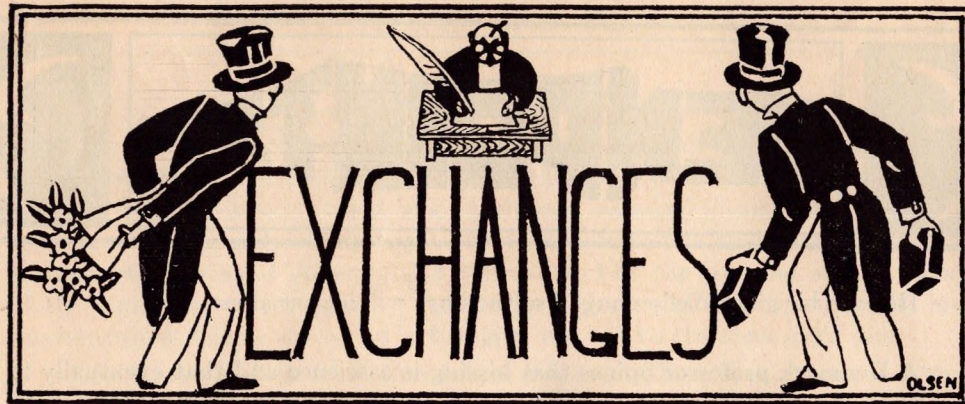
Barber: "Whassa matter, hair in da mouth?"

W. Manvel: "No, I wanna see if my neck leaks."

* * * *

"Was it you I kissed in the library last night?"

"Maybe, about what time?"



To My Fellow Exchange Editors:

Up to the time our magazine went to press we had received only three exchanges. We attribute this to the fact that most schools do not publish their first issues until November. We must, therefore, wait until next month before commenting on those issues. We are sorry to again have to resort to the use of material from other publications to fill up space but we assure our readers that in the December issue we will have some of the best exchange material that has been long presented by us.

* * * *

Gold

Across the sands of far-away,
Across the plains of yesterday,
Sounds still a cry we love to hear:
"Oh, come and search for gold!"

Gold is a will to do the tasks
We left the winter through.
A will to help our brother-folk,
To do a service true.

Gold is of love and sympathy
The rose-bud reaching up;
Gold is the fluted beauty
Of a daffodil's wide cup.

—*Tiger Tales*, Orlando, Florida.

* * * *

Miss Morris: "Give me a sentence with velvet in it."

Sam Duker: "Oi, its you, Isadore—'Vel-vet you want?' "

* * * *

This morning I awoke to find
A cold, fantastic window hung
With Winter's warnings, writ and signed
In some unknown and fairy tongue.

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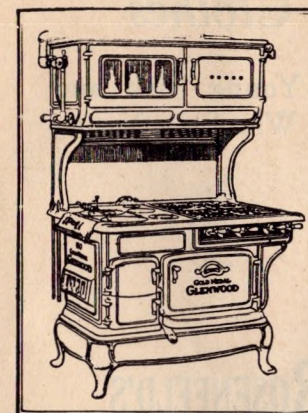
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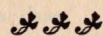


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